An escape

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An escape

by Demonheart666

Summary

Hannibal will always be Will's only escape.

Will's arms were tied behind his back in a series of intricate twists and knots that looked like a soft spider’s net against his skin yet held his muscles firmly restrained. Along with the rope a thick padded collar around his neck was locked tight, black tape covering his eyes and mouth, a thick plug sat in his hole keeping the enema in, nipple clamps attached to his perky nipples, and a cage wrapped around his cock keeping him soft. His skin was bare, sweaty, legs spread as he keeled on the floor of their play room. Hannibal had been building the room over the last few month's within one of the spare bedrooms.

Hannibal looks at his work and smiles, so proud of what he had done. The only way to get Will down is by force, even though he hated it unfortunately it had to be done. Hannibal places a hand on the back of Will's neck and hears him whimper behind the duct tape. "Quiet honey you know the rules".

The tall blonde then moves and picks up a box from one of the draws. He opens the box to be faced with a collection of sounds. From as thin as a piece of string, to as thick as his finger. He picks up one on the thinner side, making sure its one that vibrates. He walks back over to his lover and kneels down infront of him. "When i put this in. You'll have to keep it in for 15 minutes then I'll take it and the enema out ok" Hannibal says telling him whats about to happen without telling him what toys. He usually wouldn't tell at all however he also usually wouldn't force his darling into his headspace. Will was in such a bad place today that this is his only escape. Will being in sub space means Hannibal has to take full control, the brunette gave him consent when he first started this affair.

"you want my cock baby" Hannibal whispers before placing a kiss on his lips through the tape. Will can't speak behind the tape but he could still make noises in the back of his throat, he just rocks back on his heels and moves his head up to the taller but he still couldn't see. He was definitely floating in subspace however he hadn't dropped enough. He could still snap out of it if needed and Hannibal didn't want that. He wanted his baby to be able to put his full trust in him.

“What? You don't want my cock?” Will manages a gasp at Hannibal's threat. He wanted it. He needed it. He needed it so badly he could die. Hannibal never lied about him acting like a bitch in heat in this state. The older male smiles then removes the tape covering his mouth but leaves the one covering his eyes. "Tell me what you want doll"

“Your... you. W... want... you... sir.” he tries to beg but he knows he's gotta do better than that for the doctor if he wants anything. After a long minute, the silence grows, Hannibal's gaze is fixed on him, even if he can't see he could feel it. “Y... your cock, sir.... I n... need it.”

“Oh, you need it now, doll?” Will flushes impossibly redder, feels it spreading down his chest, and nods bashfully. “Don't be shy, sweet thing. You know you'll get it. You have to earn it, though. And you haven't, have you?”

“No, sir. Not... not yet.” Will whispers. He was shaking with arousal. Hannibal chuckles at the youngers reactions to the slightest touches he gives him as he runs a hand up his bound shoulders.

“But I know you. You're my good boy and you're gonna do just what I say til you earn it.” he says. Will's nod is so immediate, so forceful, that it was close to giving him whiplash.

“You take everything I have to give you and you still want more, you greedy, little slut. Today baby I'm gonna wear that ass out.” Will whines, low in his throat, and butts his forehead against Hannibal's thigh, impatient. “What was that?”the older covers the sound in lube before crouching down and lining it up with the head of Will's cock. The older watches as his darling's breathing hitches. Will knew what was about to happen. They'd only used sounds a few times prior but he loves every second. Hannibal loves it too. He love's watching his darling fall apart under his control. He presses the sound slowly into him and Will moans the best he could. Hannibal only pushes it in half way before pulling it out slowly causing Will to cry out from behind the tape. "Its ok my love. It ok. Remember breath and relax"

Will does as he is told and the Doctor once again pushes the sound into his caged cock. However, this time all the way. The brunette couldn't help the noises and the blonde didn't stop him. "You're doing so well darling. I'm gonna turn it on then set the timer ok" Will nods and Hannibal places a hand on the side of his neck. With his other hand he hits the remote and turns it to the lowest setting. Will once again cries out as the vibrations start up. He then hits the timer on his phone and kisses his loves forehead. "I'll be back soon ok"

For Hannibal the 15 minutes pass quickly however for the brunette, it was hours. To him it felt like it would never stop. It was intoxicating, the perfect mix of pain and pleasure to make him drop into his head space. When Hannibal walks back in Will looks like he's about to pass out and he make quick work of turning the sound off. He leaves it in though, more fun that way. Maybe he'd keep it in all night along with the cage. Maybe that was for another time. The dom picks him up and carries him to the connecting bathroom to remove the enema.

Once that was removed they move back to the bed and Hannibal places him down on his knees at the end of the bed. "You want this so bad, don't ya baby? My sweet little darling just begging for my cock. What do you think your colleagues would say if they saw you like this. I wish you could see youreself right now so beautiful. I wish I could keep you like this forever. keep you in your subspace as much as you want, you'd never have to leave the house, never have to see another crime scene. I'd take you alway from all of it. You'd be my perfect little toy. If you're that good i may breed you at few times...” Will gives a loud moan cutting the younger off. "You like that idea, filled up with our child. You'd give birth to the first and then I'd fill you up again. Over and over again until you physically can not have anymore." Hannibal smirks at both the perfect idea and Will's reaction. If only it really was possible.

"you want my cock baby" Hannibal repeats, whispers into his ear before placing a kiss just behind his ear. "have you earned it yet though. I dont think you have, have you?”

“No, sir. Not... not yet.” Will whispers. He was once again shaking with arousal. So perfect. How can jack even think about hurting this sweet boy every day. “Wear me out... Please sir... u... use me til im a broken mess... Please... I need it” he begs on the edge of tears. His body was aching with need and want but there was nothing he could do about it. He could only take what the doctor gave.

“Yeah, I'm gonna work you over until you can't talk. Can't move. Till you're just laying there and taking it." Will moans however that is cut off as Hannibal places a open mouth gag in his

mouth. "Such a good boy for me." Will takes every little ounce of praise hannibal gives. He craves it. For as long as hannibal thought he was a good boy, he'd have a purpose.

Hannibal the turns the brunette around so he was facing the back wall. With his back now facing the blonde. The doctor pushes him down so his face was pushed down into the bed covers and his ass stood for attention.

"I could just look at you all day," Hannibal sighs. Then he raised a hand. The younger has no idea what was happening until the older males palm fell hard against his ass, his entire body jolted at the resounding slap and sting of pain. He bit back a whimper and pushed his ass against Hannibal's hand. The next slap comes faster and harder. Then again and again and again. Will's ass burned with it, and he knew his cheeks jiggled with every successive hit. His whole body was flushed, and he could feel his cock twitching.

The rain of blows stop far to soon for Will's liking. Hannibal strokes his ass and then pushed his thighs apart. He pushed a finger between his cheeks and rubbed at his hole. Will couldn't help the absolutely filthy noise he made, pushing his ass back. He was suddenly, once again, desperate to get Hannibal inside of him, any part of the older. Anything Hannibal wanted he would do. He had no idea what the Murderer has planned for him, maybe he would finger him loose, let him come riding his hand. Then he could fuck him while he was all loose and pliant, could come all over the smaller and rub it into his skin, make him sit with the stench of sex and his partners scent stuck to him for the rest of the day.

Hannibal's other had threads through Will's hair, yanking, pulling him out of his own mind. William moans. He pulls his head forward, just enough to feel the blissful sting in his scalp. Hannibal lets go of his hair and slaps his ass again."You know what baby, forget what i said a minute ago. You couldn't be good for me if you tried. You just want me to slap you around. Thats your idea of a good time. Want me to slap your ass until you're sopping wet for me? I could remove the clamps and pinch those sweet tits of yours, too, make 'em burn. You like that?" And fuck did he want that and more but the younger couldn't get a word out, just kept making desperate little sounds while he shook his ass into hannibal, trying to grind against his dick. The Murderer grabs him and holds him still. "You want me to do that to you?" Will needed something in him, needed a hand on his dick, needed him to pinch his nipples until he cried, needed to be bred up with their children so badly. He just needed it, needed everything.

Hannibal always knew he what he wanted. He always took care of his baby. The blonde spreads his cheeks and licks him, his tongue flat as he dragged it across Will's hole. "I'm gonna fuck you, Will" he says. His breath was hot against the younger's ass. "I'll fill you up so good, my darling, just like I know you want it. But you gotta earn it first, hear? You gotta show me how good you can be. maybe then, and only then, you can have my dick. But only if you behave baby" His thighs were taut, and his entire body strained from the effort of holding still, of not shoving his ass back at Hannibal's face. He was good. He would be good. Will would do just about anything to get his boyfriend in him, on him, in any way he could have him.

The profiler doesn't notice that the Murderer had moved from behind him to over to the draws filled with toys. A thousand different scenarios run through his mind as he waits impatiently for the older to come back. All he hears is Hannibal's chuckle as he makes his

way back to him. He then picks up the key for his cage and removes it slowly along with the sound .

An hour later Will lets out another cry as Hannibal angles the toy in his hand just right, slotting it right against his sensitive and rather abused prostate. “ah. Sir... please. I... Fuckin' hell, I... Master,” he tries to say with the gag in his mouth however he knew it didnt come out sounding like that. His arms twist uselessly in the rope, and his feet struggling not to kick out in protest and hurt his dom accidentally.

Hannibal really can't help the small quirk of his lips into a smirk. Will is so adorable when he's pushed to his limits, but that wasn't quite enough, was it? No, not for them. To them, they needed to venture far beyond those limits, far beyond whatever William thinks he could take and into what he really can't. "Being such a good boy for me Will just try and stay quiet yeah" it wasnt an order but a request. Will was suppose to stay quiet but it didn't matter if he couldnt.

He screams when his third orgasm is ripped out of him, back arching as he throws his head back into the pillows. Hannibal places a hand on the small of his back smiling. The older wanted to coax every little bit of cum he had left within him. the toy still vibrates relentlessly against his bundle of nerves and even though it was almost to much for the younger, Hannibal still knew he could take more. He wasnt gonna stop til he's coming dry.

“two more orgasms, Can you do that for me darling? Then I'll put the cage back on you and I'll fill you up. Does that sound good?” Hannibal says then leans down to kiss his ass cheek. Will was now completely down and Hannibal couldn't help but smile. The only noise younger could make are little whines which is all the reply Hannibal needed to continue. He then puts the vibrator onto a higher setting and Will screams. "Such a good boy for me."

The change in pace seems to be much appreciated because Wil moans loudly, his chest flushing at the praise. Hannibaal smiles again. “You like it when I call you a good boy?” He asks rhetorically. “It's because it's true, you know. You're so smart, and so beautiful, I can't believe you're trusting me enough to care for this side of you.” he rambles then grabs the toy's remote once again cranking up little more, the vibration now on its maximum intensity.

Will once again screams, tears cascading down his cheeks as he finally loses the fight in controlling his legs. They kick about wildly, forcing Hannibal to step away. He goes back over to their collection and grabs a spreader bar. Once he returns he stills each of his thighs then attaches each ankle to either ends of the bar. He then brings his right knee up to hold it in place as he grabs his thigh and his other hand goes back to the vibrator.

When Will is tipped over the edge again, he's crying in earnest by the time he comes back down. He tries to babble words between gasping breaths but his cries and pants override anything he tries to string together, chest and shoulders bouncing with every sob that wracks through him. Hannibal reaches for the remote again and brings the toy to a much lower setting. "You know what baby. I know i said five but four is enough. You've done so well my love."

Hannibal carefully removes the vibrator, dropping it on the floor with not a care in the world. He then picks back up the cage which had been laying on the bed next to him and slowly

locks it around Will's soft dick once again. Will moans at the touch, in both pain and pleasure. Everything was so intense however even more since he dropped. "Such a good boy Will. Let me fuck you then we can sleep" the profiler just nods, to out of it to speak. The blonde carefully uses one of his knives he'd left on the bedside table to cut away the rope binding his arms behind his back then he removes the tape and gag.

Will has no strength left in his arms so Hannibal turn him onto his back before lining the head of his dick up with the his hole. Then the weight of Hannibals cock is brushing the curve of his ass, huge and hard. Theres a dull ache swarming Will's body as his legs spread as far as they'll go, but then it doesn't matter, he just needed his dom in him. Hannibal starts rubbing the head of his cock against Will's lubed hole.

"Sir... please" he begs clenching his fingers on the bed covers, and Hannibal leans in for a kiss. Then he's pressing in, fat head stretching Will's hole, sliding in sweet and smooth and deep. He sinks all the way in, until his sharp hipbones are pressed against Will. He's so fucking full he wants to cry with relief. Nothing else matters but the thickness of his lovers dick inside him, splitting him open. His whole body tenses suddenly, clenching, and Hannibal lets out a shocked breath.

“Fuck,” he groans, “fuck, you’re incredible.” he moves both hands to his hips and uses them to steady himself as he pulls his dick back, and then slams back into him. Will screams, grabbing on hard to the sheets, and he rocks his hips hard, trying to get hannibal to do it again. And as he promised he starts a ferocious pace and Will's skin jumps with the pounding of his heart, cock untouched and aching again between his legs, and for a rising span of seconds there's Hannibal falling into rhythm behind him like clockwork, jackhammer snap of his hips hitting Will's already abused prostate on every thrust."Fuck," the brunette moans, low and dirty-rough. Hannibal's laughs at the proflers reaction. This is far from the first time he's had the doctor's cock but everything is more intense when hes in his headspace. He stills abruptly then fucks into Will once again, and then pauses balls-deep in Will's ass making the sub scream as his porstate is abused.

"I could keep you like this forever. Floating in subspace, blissed out on my dick. You'd be adorable as my little sex slave." It was true. All Wikl had to do was as and hannibal could permanently take every ounce of pain the world gives him.

"Sir... please" Will moans. Hannibal smiles once again, knowing exactly what the younger was begging for.

"My darling" he says looking down at the youngers flat stomach. "So deep in you. Can almost feel myself, here." His palm presses in, firm push against Will's abdomen, and they can both feel Will's breath quickening in his chest as it pinions him there, trapped between Hannibal's hand and the furnace heat of his body. "Wish I could keep you all tied up. Wish i could breed you, fill you up with our children. I love you so much" Hannibal cums after that. So deep in Will that if he didnt get pregnant after this they'd both be shocked.

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